

T H E
EXILE TRIUMPHANT:
O R,
LIBERTY APPEASED.

A
P O E M.

Humbly Inscribed to the

Worthy Liverymen of the City of London.

L O N D O N,

Printed for S T A P L E S S T E A R E, No. 93, Fleet-Street.
MDCCLXVIII.

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T O T H E

WORTHY LIVERYMEN OF THE CITY OF LONDON :

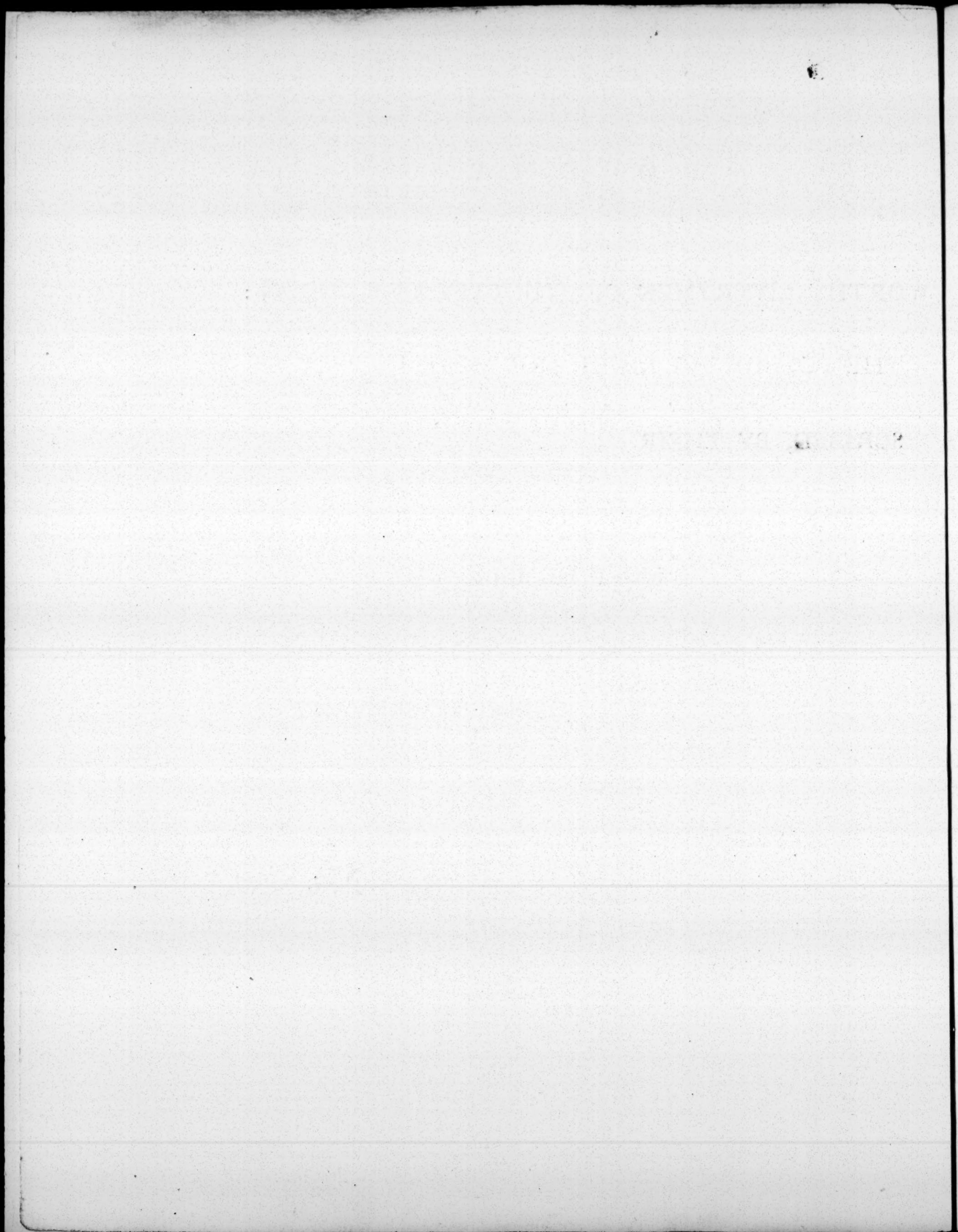
THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE MOST HUMBLY IN-

SCRIBED, BY THEIR

MOST HUMBLE AND

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

Nº. 45.



T H E
E X I L E T R I U M P H A N T :

O R,
L I B E R T Y A P P E A S E D.

TH E muse with raptur'd joy expands her wings,
When she of freedom and of patriots sings ;
Pleas'd with the theme exults in every note,
And strains with transport her extatic throat ;
O'erjoy'd the multitude imbibes the sound,
And *Io Peans* from all parts resound.

B

A well

A well known truth has stigmatiz'd the times,
An ample subject for satiric rhymes ;
That he who dares be obstinately just,
True to his country and his private trust :
Who, faction rising in most hideous form,
Shrinks not away, but bears against the storm ;
Rends off the bandage from delusions eyes,
And boldly says, my countrymen be wise :
That such a man to please a lucky knave,
Is treated like the most plebeian slave ;
Exil'd with cruelty, compel'd to roam,
Forc'd from his native fields, and pleasing home ;
Oblig'd whole years in absence to deplore,
“ And image those he can behold no more ;
Fortune's capricious moods he must pursue,
And free himself, obey a slavish crew.

But

But now no more Britannia bears the stain,
Free from the faction and the factions chain;
The partial man of snow shall melt away
Before all piercing truth's diffusive ray
Merit shall shine with undiminish'd light,
Obscur'd no more by folly's shades of night:
Folly withdraw to black infernal streams,
Dazzl'd and scar'd by such refulgent beams.

Say, why should honest satire give offence,
The dearest friend to virtue and to sense:
A firm palladium in its country's cause
To curb the vices which can 'scape the laws?

Had ancient simple manners still remain'd,
When artless words sincerest thoughts explain'd;

“ When crowns and kingdoms were unenvy’d things,
“ And courts less coveted than groves and springs.”
Then law, nor satire never would have reign’d,
Nor Saturn’s abdicated throne attain’d:
For Saturn when he found deprav’d mankind,
Too prone to vice for peaceful rules to bind;
Resign’d his crown and people to their fate,
Preferring private ease to painful state:
But first bequeath’d to keep mankind in awe,
A rod to satire, and a sword to law;
To each respectively its part assign’d,
Law to the body, satire to the mind.
Thus satire first began its end is plain,
To probe and heal a wound and give no pain;
The physic pleases, the success is sure,
You wish the end, and yet enjoy the cure.

Hail

Hail W— I joy to see thy safe return,
And every breast must with new rapture burn;
Oh! had thy Churchill liv'd this day to view,
So just to sacred liberty and you;
To see the goodness of the royal hand,
To see you eminent in honour's stand,
To see assiduous fame swell out each cheek,
And with respect congratulations speak;
All warm'd with joy, and none but envy freez'd,
Or such as worth itself would with displeas'd,
To see in thee the greatest trust repos'd,
Of *Liberty and Property* compos'd;
Conflicting pleasures in his breast had rose,
And gave forgiveness to your former foes.
Satire its aspect stern no more had worn,
But peaceful bays supply'd the place of thorn;

His

His muse grown fond of panegeric lays,
Had made each nervous stanza teem with praise.

But he is gone, while we his loss deplore,
And mourn that we can hear his strains no more :
His strains where variegated beauties flow'd,
Energic diction reign'd, and fancy glow'd ;
A thought so comprehensive met applause
Where critics in his numbers found out flaws ;
His numbers when harmonious met success,
E'en where the energy of thought was less.

But he is gone, a genius we deplore
Yet surely you must mourn his friendship more,
Great as Achilles to Patrocles bore.

}

Forgive

Forgive the muse what she in grief exprest
Which must renew the sorrows in your breast
We saw you both stand up in truth's defence
And give to knaves and parasites offence ;
We see you now rise up in open day,
And wish he'd been attendant on the ray ;
Friendship as patterns then had mark'd your height,
And genius flash'd on each admirers sight ;
Mankind in love of liberty took pride,
And villains wish'd to war on virtue's side :
Virtue had learnt the light again t' endure,
And shewn her face which long has lain obscure.
Can sacred liberty that zest of life,
That balm of peace be made the bell of strife ?
The Romans emulous of future fame,
Were always anxious for a *freeman's* name ;

Freedom

Freedom was held a consecrated word,
Supported long by honour and the sword,
Till base corruption creeping through the land,
Had plann'd and work'd its ruin under hand :
Then courage, honour, every virtue fell,
Then vices rose the substitute of hell :
Then luxury appear'd at every board,
And profligacy lessen'd evry hoard ;
'There *superfluity* with open arms,
Was prostitute to *dissipations* charms ;
Through whose conjunction to the world were born,
Two dreaded monsters—*Poverty*—and *Scorn*.
When liberty was lost, then darkness reign'd,
And anarchy the sovereign sway attain'd ;
Discordant sounds in every place was heard,
And superstitions hideous form appear'd ;

Intemperate

Intemperate zeal, hypocriſy and hate,
Deſtroy'd the baſis of the ſinking ſtate.

No more the miſtreſs of the world alarms,
The meaneſt nations now deſpiſe her arms ;
Soft, flavish and effeminate behold,
Thoſe people once ſo hardy, rough and bold ;
Whoſe anceſtor a manly ſword could draw,
Now is a mere fop is dwindled to fol-fa.

Oh! ſhould ſome noble ancient Roman riſe,
So chang'd ye are he'd ſcarce believe his eyes ;
Or if he ſhould, he'd think at your expence,
You had caſtrated every virtue hence.

C

What

What could so strange an alteration cause ?
Was it defect in statutes, or in laws ?
Was it the senators or peoples crime ?
Or doom'd to be, by all commanding time ?

'Twas both the senators and peoples fault,
Those would oppress, and these themselves exalt ;
The senators were much too proud to sway,
Too arrogant the people to obey ;
These would their freedom stretch beyond its line,
And those too much within its bounds confine ;
As both deserv'd, fate both their wishes crost,
Till every good with liberty was lost ;
By Rome's example learn to shun her fate ;
Let unanimity secure the state ;

For

For public good let private rancour cease,
And discord yield to softer notes of peace ;
No foreign foes Britannia needs to dread,
Blended each heart, and liberty her head ;
But disunited if her thunders roar,
More than the foe they'll shake their native shore.

But now the muse with penetrating eyes,
Shall to futurity prophetic rise ;
Shall truths to come impartially rehearse,
And sing Britannia's joys in mystic verse.

Discord shall cease, and faction be no more,
And prejudice forsake Britannia's shore ;
Merit if found in rags shall meet success,
And worth alone *exalted spheres* cares.

Virtue be known the only way to rise,
And truth, tho' plain, preferred to gaudy lies ;
Those who monopolize,—forestall,—regrate,
To justice pay t' accumulated debt ;
The face of poverty no more be ground,
But the oppressor's hands in chains be bound ;
The needy to assist, the rich subscribe,
And merit finds its way without a bribe ;
Unlearned fools no more allowed to teach,
Cowards to go in red—and Blockheads preach ;
Atheists no more be seated in a fee,
Nor on each side Attornies take a fee ;
All these I see in time will bless our isle,
And every son of Britain wear a smile ;
Great George shall raise our happiness and fame,
And lisping babes be taught to bless his name :

When

When e'er he goes attended by his train,
Britannia's laws and freedom to maintain,
Some honest subject innocently gay,
Pleas'd with the peaceful triumph of the day,
While round about his progeny attend,
And all the glitt'ring ornaments commend,
Shall fervently withdraw them from the gold,
The *father of their country* to behold ;
While raptures in his royal bosom rise,
To see their zeal expressive in their eyes ;
Charm'd with their rustic duty gives a nod,
And makes them think him quite a demy-god.

We may to see these glorious times preface,
And prophecy the volume from a page :

W—

W— to his country once again restor'd,
By all regretted—and almost ador'd,
Topristine lustre, and primœval fame,
From banishment's opprobrious scornful name.

What may we not from such a monarch hope,
Who gives to fancy such unbounded scope,
From what he's done already more expect,
Causes so good ne'er cease in their effect?
Now fortune for a smile has changed her frown,
May she, O W—! your fervent wishes crown;
No more to persecution join her hate,
But let her favours be as fix'd as fate:

Oh!

Oh! may this city's fate on you depend,
Firmly we're certain you will stand her friend;
Your talents for her benefit employ,
And every detrimental scheme destroy.

How shall I joy to see the happy day,
If liberty her standard should display;
And cry exulting with an awful voice,
“Ye worthy Britons I approve your choice;
“Reason and justice will with me concur,
“A real son of freedom to prefer;
“Here the great wrongs I formerly receiv'd,
“Are mitigated, and my love retriev'd;
“One who so bravely freedom could defend,
“Is one on whom ye firmly may depend;

I doom

“ I doom his name in future annals great;

“ True without flattery to king and state ;

“ Who flood the flock of every venal tribe,

“ Unmov'd by threats—by menace—and by bribe ;

“ Who suffer'd patiently—his sufferings o'er,

“ Thought on the cause, and on his foes no more ;

“ E'en those who wish'd his death he wish'd to live,

“ For 'tis a godlike virtue to forgive.

May London flourish, and her trade increase,

And all dissensions in her councils cease ;

May Thames's bosom either India save,

And riches float on every curling wave ;

Bengal and Indostan their treasures send,

And to the Ganges streams her sway extend ;

To

TRIUMPHANT.

23

To deck the beauties that adorn her side,
Armenian ornaments and Persian pride ;
The brilliant glories of the east display,
And emulate their native visual ray.

FINIS.

To deck the beauties that adorn her side,
 American ornaments and Persian pride;
 The brilliant echoes of the east and west,
 And emulate their native signal post.

E P I C.

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2
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4

